

JEAN.

BY ERMA CLARK WHITNEY.

Oh, to die, and I so young!
What will darling mother say?
Sick the heart so cruelly wrung!
Help her, Jesus, now I pray!

You, my Captain, called me brave;
"Brave Jean" were the words you said.
My heart beats proudly near the grave.
Tell it to mother when I am dead.

Fifteen years—short space of life—
When this young hero fell;
First amid the bloody strife,
Tore by a traitor shell.

Supported by a friendly knee,
Fainter and fainter comes his breath.
Brave men crooked around to see
A Southern soldier lay'st death.

He is dying near the camp-fire's glare,
Hath given all he has to share.
Gods of battle, could ye not spare
One so young, so fit to live?

The rough group stirred, unsharpening low,
"Great God! also, he is gone!"
Reverence on those who dead this blow
We will mete ere day shall dawn.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Abram's Boy and the Ugly Gun.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

"Oh-h-h!"

Then there was silence.

"I wonder what's dat!"

It was Abram's boy looking through a fence knot-hole into Uncle Lisha's yard. Sometimes they called him Abram's boy, and sometimes "little Abram."

"I saw, I saw!"

"Saw what, honey?" asked Abram Senior.

"Saw a long, long, black!"

"Get froo sometime, chile. Saw somethin' long an' black, sort of a barr'l like? Dat's a gun; an' ugly one, too."

"A gun?"

"Sartin, honey. It shoots people and knocks him ober."

"Whar's de place dat the shoot comes out ob?"

"Oh, dar's a hole in front. Cotch Uncle Lisha to hab a barr'l in his yard without a hole in it!"

Here Abram declared that he should "die a-laffin" at the idea!

"Why, chile, you's ignunt as I was 'fore I got into de primer."

That gun in Uncle Lisha's yard was a great mystery to Abram's boy, and oftentimes he planted a big wondering eye at the fence-hole to view this piece of ordnance. Several times he saw Uncle Lisha's tall, stately form bowing over the gun, a big yellow mug in his hand, and then little Abram heard what he called "a sizzlin' sound."

"Dat sizzlin' sound, honey? 'Pears to me dat must be de powder workin' its way out ob de gun," was the explanation of his father.

The gun in Uncle Lisha's yard was a cider barrel. Its shape was rather peculiar. It was very long, and looked something like a surly Columbiad thrusting its black muzzle out from under a shelter Uncle Lisha had made for it.

"It shows it must be dangerous, or he would keep it in de house," said Abram Senior, triumphantly. Uncle Lisha was the proud owner of an apple tree. Its fruit was so sour that Abram told his boy it would "pucker one's mouth out of shape for a month," and the apples were wormy enough to satisfy the most inveterate drinker. Uncle Lisha refused to see any harm in the beverage, and he wanted Abram "jest to keep his temp'rance stuff to him."

"Honey," said Abram one day, "do you want to go wid me and see what such a gun as dat will do?"

Little Abram was glad enough to have the invitation, and his father led him down to a neighborhood cursed by cider-drinking. It was called "Scrubby Lane."

"Dar, chile! Dat is a poor feller knocked over by de cider-gun," and Abram pointed out a man stupidly sleeping, not far from a pig-sty.

"It would serve him right to be panned in a while. An' see his house! Dat was battered by de cider-gun."

The house was ragged and rough as the pitiful sleeper on the ground. The chimney had lost its top, the shingles were rotting out on the roof. The windows were broken and rag-stuffed, the door was off its hinges. A woman's sad face appeared at one of the windows, and was then hastily withdrawn.

"Chile, do you wonder I don't like Uncle Lisha's cider-gun? I know just what misery comes from de stuff. A man might as well haul a battery front ob his house an' let it bang away. I know, I know, fur I hab seen an' can tell what will happen when de cider-gun comes," and Abram shook his head with all the positiveness of a prophet.

Uncle Lisha took quite a fancy to Abram's boy, though he disliked the father's principles, and he told the little fellow one day that his son Lemuel was coming from the city, and he kept in a confectionery store, and he would bring little Abram a sugar horse, big, big to ride his eyes steadily growing—"big mug to ride him, most!"

Every day young Abram planted an eye at the fence-hole to see if the sugar horse had arrived and was prancing round in Uncle Lisha's yard. Alas! he saw a different sight one day. He ran into the house screaming: "A man shot by de gun! A man shot by de gun!"

Abram's father was not at home. He had stepped into Uncle Lisha's house on an errand, but he was not able to accomplish it. Uncle Lisha was a sitting in his old leather-bottomed arm-chair, his Bible in his lap. Uncle Lisha wished to be considered very religious, if he did have an ugly cider-gun in his yard. Apparently he was reading, but really he had gone to sleep. His head was bobbing up and down, and a fly perched on his flat nose was see-sawing away, enjoying his free ride very much. Abram Senior was looking and grinning from ear to ear.

Suddenly little Abram came running in, screaming, "Uncle Lisha, Uncle Lisha, a man shot out in your yard!" Uncle Lisha's head came to a halt. He rubbed his nose and opened his eyes.

"What, what?" he asked.

"A man shot!"

"Whar, whar?"

"In your yard."

"My yard?" and, saying this, Uncle Lisha sprung out of the house. And there before the "barr'l" was a man stretched out, drunk! How long he had been there, no one could say. Uncle Lisha had been away for half a day, and all that time the strange man may have been there in the yard, a target for the merciless shooting of the gun.

"No wonder," said Abram to his little boy; "nuff charge in that old gun to knock ober de whole villij."

At the stranger's side was Uncle Lisha's big yellow mug, and around his pocket were the fragments of a sugar horse.

"Berry likely dat was a temp'rance hoss," suggested Abram to his boy, "an' he strained so hard to get away from bad company he jest strained himself in pieces."

It was Uncle Lisha's son Lemuel who was the victim of the shooting. The old man was so mortified, and in the presence, too, of the little fellow whom he intended to make so happy with the sugar horse! Abram saw tears on the old man's cheeks, and he pitied him thoroughly.

"I spec," he whispered to little Abram, "dat Uncle Lisha am badly hit by de gun also, an' he is struck in de heart. Dat's what makes me 'spise a cider-gun so much, for others must suffer beside do drunker."

Abram was known in the neighborhood as a man "wid a heap ob power in his arms." He now bowed carefully, and, tenderly lifting Lemuel, carried him away "as if he went behind yod into de house," said Abram's boy to him as they went away together.

"Dose soles tell de story. Dey prove de hurt. Dose ole guns are apt to kick back and hit de pusson who owns 'em, sartin and sure."

Uncle Lisha was a man of decision and a man of conscience also, though it is pretty hard to get at a man's conscience when a cider-gun is on top. He asked his neighbors and friends to gather about him the next morning. They found him in a field back of the house. The field sloped down to the river that ran through the village. Uncle Lisha had rolled his cider-gun into this field, and stood beside it resolute as any grim gunner by his battery. He made a little speech.

"Friends an' neighbors, Bruder Abram calls dat barr'l a cider-gun, an' he am right. It has done some tall shootin'. Ise gwine to see how nigh it will come to hittin' de ribber. Dis shall be its last shoot, de old pickerprite. I'll jest ease it ob its load a leetle, and aim it, yes, know."

He swung an ax, knocked out the spigot, drove in the bung, and made several ugly gashes in the heads of the "barr'l."

"Now I will aim it," he said.

He aimed the gun for the river, and then gave it a push. Down the slope it rolled, turning over and over, bumping and thumping and jumping as it struck any rock, the heads coming out at last, the cider gushing and splashing and frothing, the gun going faster and faster and faster, and, as it reached the edge of the bank, it there gave a tremendous spring, and—down it went, striking the river! There was a lively bubbling for a time, and then the river was still.

"It has hit de bottom fair and square," cried Uncle Lisha, "and where it has stuck may it lay forever!"

"Three sheers," shouted Abram's boy. And they were given with a will.

How They Capture Hyenas.

The following mode of tying hyenas in their dens, as practiced in Afghanistan, is given by Arthur Connolly in his *Overland Journal*, in the words of an Afghan chief, the Shirkare Syud Daad:

"When you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slip-knots upon it in your right hand, and, with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly but quietly in. The animal does not know the nature of the danger, and therefore retires to the back of his den, but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep on moving gradually toward him on your knees, and when you are within distance throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care he does not free himself. The beast is so frightened that he cowers back, and, though he may bite the feit, he can not turn his neck round to hurt you; so you quietly feel for his forelegs, slip the knots over them, and, then, with one strong pull, draw them tight up to the back of his neck and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you can do what you like with him. We generally take those we catch home to the khan, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild."

Hyenas are also taken alive by the Arabs by a very similar method, except that a wooden gag is used instead of a felt cloak. The similarity in the mode of capture in two such distant countries as are Algeria and Afghanistan, and by two races so different, is remarkable. From the fact that the Afghans consider that the feast requires great presence of mind, and no instance being given of a man having died of a bite received in a clumsy attempt, we may infer that the Afghan hyena is more powerful or more ferocious than his African congener.

Mahogany Trees.

The full-grown mahogany tree is one of the monarchs of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms, rising to lofty height, and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces, covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, light and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen, present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur. The leaves are very small, delicate, and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white, or greenish yellow. Lumbermen in felling a tree build a platform, thus relinquishing twelve or fifteen feet of the largest part of the tree. Yet some trees have yielded 12,000 superficial feet of lumber, and have sold for \$15,000.

Effect of Climate on the Beard.

A singular effect of the dry air of Egypt, and one which, if supported by similar facts, has a scientific value, is thus recorded: An Englishman who traveled up the Nile states that his beard, which at home was straight, soft and silky, began immediately upon arriving at Alexandria to curl, and to grow crisp, strong and coarse. Before reaching Es-Souan it resembled horsehair to the touch and was disposed in ringlets. He accounts for this by the exceeding dryness of the air, and considers that in the course of many generations it permanently curled and crisped the hair of negroes. The hair on the traveler's head was not affected.

Seven Times a Widow at Forty.

For the benefit of that venturesome class of people who, like those possessed of an irresistible desire to risk their lives among savage African tribes, would the sad shipwrecks of so many of their friends notwithstanding—venture on the treacherous sea of matrimony—for their benefit, I repeat, it becomes an imperative duty for me to make known a unique chance of communal bliss which has lately come to my notice. It is of Katharina Chasna, of Verbo, in Upper Hungary, that I speak, and let him that would secure a prize in the marriage-market hasten to the land of pomade and paprika, and without a moment's delay make her his own. For time is pressing; she has often been snapped up, and will in all probability be very soon snapped up again. A wife who thoroughly understands her social duties, and ^w is perfect in her paces, is, I take it, universally acknowledged to be a "desideratum"; and if the lady I have now the honor to introduce to public notice does not fully come to my notice, it is because she has hitherto come to my notice.

Mr. Macready was fond of telling the following story as his experience of American independence, exemplified in a Western actor, of the self-satisfied kind. "In the last act of 'Hamlet,'" said he, "I was very anxious to have the King, who was rather of a democratic turn of mind, to fall, when I stabbed him, over the steps of the throne and on the right-hand side, with his feet to the left, in order that when I was to fall I should have the center of the stage to myself, as befitting the principal personage of the tragedy. No objection was made to this request on the part of the actor, but at night, to my great surprise, he wheeled directly round after receiving the sword thrust, and deliberately fell in the middle of the scene, just on the spot where I was in the habit of dying. Well, as a dead man cannot move himself, and as there was no time for others to do it, the King's body remained in the center of the stage to myself, as the principal personage of the tragedy. 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HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY J. W. HATTON.

Alone and friendless; doomed to die,
With never a soul to hear thy cry;
Nor food, nor drink, nor shade of tree;
Banished!—how cruel it seems to thee!

Death-meeting and heartless the decree:
Depart, forever, the child and the tree!

Parted, with pain, and die unblest,

With the beauteous boy pressed to thy breast!

Depart, forever, the child and the tree!

Left the home of plenty, far away,

To the land of sands, all parched and bare,

To the land of hunger and despair!

Hunger and thirst, and the maddening moan

Of the dying boy, so plaintive grown

That Hagar flees, she knows not where,

Creased with hunger and dazed with care.

But a mother's love, grown strong in death,

Constrains her heart, while life and breath

Still animates the form of her darling son.

The beauteous form of her darling son.

Only a howl could she go.

From right and sound of Ishmael's woe;

There was no time to die;

How sad and pitiful was the cry!

Her eyes, bedimmed with scaling tears,

Are open at last; she makes no noise,

A voice speaking, as from afar:

Behold a woman with a child,

Her dress is rags, her child and child,

And journey yet a little while.

For I will make, in future years,

A Prince of him thy heart reveres—

A father of Kings, shall Ishmael be,

And source of endless joy to thee."

COLUMBIA, Mo.

JENNIE'S ROMANCE.

BY AEILOU.

"You don't pretend to say so!"

"But I do, really."

"True?"

"Just as true as you live and breathe!"

"Well, I never! When are you going?"

"In the morning stage as far as Springfield, and then in the cars."

"Won't that be nice?"

"You can just believe so!"

"Remember and tell me all about Boston."

"Oh, I will."

"Wish I was going."

"Wish you was, too."

These were the words of a bit of conversation between two young ladies one Sunday morning, as they stood in the Congregational Church of Perryville, and pretended to be singing "Coronation."

Jennie Jones had confidentially told Ellen White, when they arose to join in the singing, that she was going to Boston, and Ellen had expressed herself as perfectly surprised.

In Perryville, it was great and important event for one of the citizens to go as far away as Boston. Once in a long while some adventurous Perryvillian visited Greenfield or North Adams, and the village merchant went twice a year to Springfield, but no one, excepting perhaps Rev. Mr. Profound, ever went to Boston. Perryville was an isolated town in the back woods of Northern Massachusetts, out of hearing of finished civilization, and a little world in itself. The people were Yankees of the purest stamp and quality, and as constituted as they chose to be.

Among the good people of Perryville Mr. Thomas Jones was the magnate—and to be the great man of a Yankee town is to be a person of consequence. Thomas Jones had the best farm in town, was the thirstiest of the citizens, and held all of the most important town offices. Jennie was his only child, and from her birth had been reared to believe her father the one bright star in Perryville. It had dawned on the magnate's mind that his daughter might become a talented lady if she could only be educated, and he determined that she should have the best educational advantages that money could buy. And so she was going to Boston—there to be transformed from a red-haired, milk-and-water country beauty into a cultured lady.

Ellen White hastened to impart the important news to her next neighbor, Mrs. Phipps, and long before Rev. Mr. Profound completed his sermon nearly all of the congregation knew of it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was completely overwhelmed by their congratulations.

George Harrison came that Sunday evening, as he always did, to "set up" with Jennie. The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts.

"I want you to remember me, Jennie," he said.

"Of course I will!" Jennie replied.

And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jennie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

Monday morning came to Jennie, not as other Monday mornings usually came. There was no washing to do, no cream to churn. She was free to act her own pleasure, and she moved about the old farm house sublimely sensible that a grand era in her life was about to begin. Her mother was tearful and sad, and George, hiding behind the rail fence, shed great, briny tears. Her father alone was confident.

"I'll risk Jennie," he said; "she's just like me, an' she'll git along."

As proof of his confidence he placed in the girl's hands a purse of \$100.

"Put it right 'inter yer bosom," he said; "they say that pickpockets can't git at it there."

Jennie obeyed, and firmly resolved that no pickpocket could get at her treasure.

The stage came at 9 o'clock, and Jennie took leave of her parents. The old black trunk that had been her grandmother's was lashed on the boat, and the journey for Boston began. At the postoffice, Jennie's boon friends had met, and, while the stage-driver was waiting for the mail bags, there was an osculatory leave-taking. Then the lumbering coach drove off, and the happy girl left Perryville behind her.

The sun had shown its noonday to the city of Springfield when the fair traveler reached there, and was set down at the depot. There never was a 17-year-old maiden before who saw Springfield in such brilliant light as she saw it. To the country girl it was something like paradise, but it was not Boston.

The eastern-bound train came in, and Jennie dutifully obeyed her father's instructions to take the rear car the moment that the train stopped at the depot. There were but two or three vacant seats, and she chose the one nearest the door. A multitude of forebodings and wonder-

ings filled her mind. She thought of the possibility of an accident, of the rate of speed that the train would run, of the route, the great Boston beyond, and little Perryville left behind. Mentally she ran over her father's many injunctions in regard to board bills, car fare, extortionate hackmen, and especially about pickpockets.

Once on a time she had read in the *Weekly Gazette* a story of a lady's adventure with a pickpocket, wherein the personage was described as a modern Claude Duval, handsome, black-whiskered, and wearing an immaculate suit of black and a silk beaver. The story recurred to her mind, and instinctively she looked about the car for one who should have the appearance that the story had named. She started the next moment. In the seat directly before her sat a gentleman, tall, noble looking, and dressed in faultless black. A long and heavy black beard hid his mouth, and from beneath his hat a curly wealth of raven hair was thrown carelessly back. Jennie lost no time in arriving at conclusions. Nothing could have been more notice her. She felt of her pocket-book, and resolved that she should keep it at all hazards.

The train started, and Jennie felt a little less perturbed. The dark gentleman took from his pocket a copy of the morning's *Republican*, and began to read.

"Just like a pickpocket!" Jennie thought. "Perhaps," she added, "he thinks I'll get sleepy by and by, and then he'll give me chloroform. But I guess I'm smart enough for him!"

The summer-scenery of dusty Hampden county lost its charms to the country girl, who, utterly regardless of the changing view of hill and vale, kept her eyes fixed nervously on the very suspicious-looking gentleman in the seat before her.

Presently the train reached Palmer, and among the passengers who entered was one gentleman who stopped beside Jennie's seat, and in a pleasant, many-toned voice asked "if it was engaged."

It was slightly unfortunate that the train was just starting, and the questioner's words were made indistinct to the young lady. She understood the word "engaged," but the rest of the query was inaudible to her.

"What if I am?" she retorted, quick, petulantly, and only as a Yankee girl can. "I would like to sit down if it is not the gentleman smilingly persisted.

"Sit down for all I care!" Jennie responded.

He took the seat by her side.

"Warm day," he began.

Jennie looked poutingly out of the window.

"Yes," she simply said.

"I hope I do not crowd you," the stranger said apologetically, and in such a pleasant voice that Jennie turned and looked forgivingly on him.

The gentleman's face was full and ruddy, and a pair of black eyes smiled in rivalry with the frank lips. He was dressed in a light summer suit, very becoming to the breezy nature that he showed. Jennie had never seen such a charming man, and she was ashamed of herself for showing so much petulance. She thought that perhaps she was mistaken, and that he had not asked if she was engaged. Of course he wouldn't, such a fine-appearing man!

Something about him entranced her, and it seemed precisely as it did when she and George Harrison sat on the parlor sofa of an evening.

"No, sir, you do not crowd me," she answered, hesitatingly.

"It is tiresome to ride, is it not?" the gentleman remarked.

"Yes, sir," was the demure answer.

"You are from the West, perhaps?"

"I am from Perryville, sir."

"That is in this State?"

"Yes, sir."

"I beg your pardon, but you have eyes like a Western lady's—gentle, dove-like and calm."

Jennie felt flattered.

"The Western ladies are very pretty," the gentleman said. "I have traveled extensively in the West, and I have yet to see a lady in New England so fresh and fair as the Western flowers. I always feel so cold here in Massachusetts, where fair ladies are so rare. You may doubt me, but no fairer face than yours have I seen here."

"Thank you," Jennie glibly responded.

The stranger sighed, and continued: "Now, I am going to Boston, and expect to die of *ennui*, for fair women are at a discount there."

"I am also on my way to Boston, sir," the girl said.

"Indeed! Are you going quite through on this train?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is too bad. I stop over in Worcester one train. You are traveling alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I were only going through, now, I flatter myself I could be of service to you."

"You might, sir. I am a stranger to Boston, and I should like to be directed. Tell me perhaps I might fall in with some kind person who would help me along."

"Too bad, madam, that duty is duty. I should be pleased to help you. It is no pleasure to travel alone and know no one."

"I think so, sir. And it is specially for lady. There are pickpockets, you know."

The last words were uttered in a whisper, and Jennie looked harder than ever on the gentleman in the seat before her.

"Yes, there are pickpockets," her volatile companion answered, "but I hardly think there are any in this car."

"O, sir," Jennie whispered. "I am sure that that gentleman ahead of us is nothing else."

"He has a very indifferent look, certainly," the affable man said. "But of course you do not carry money with you to any amount?"

"I have \$100, sir."

"Ah! Let me advise you not to carry it in your pocket. Thieves are too adept, and would not fail to find it."

"Jennie obeyed, and firmly resolved that no pickpocket could get at her treasure.

The stage came at 9 o'clock, and Jennie took leave of her parents. The old black trunk that had been her grandmother's was lashed on the boat, and the journey for Boston began. At the postoffice, Jennie's boon friends had met, and, while the stage-driver was waiting for the mail bags, there was an osculatory leave-taking. Then the lumbering coach drove off, and the happy girl left Perryville behind her.

The sun had shown its noonday to the city of Springfield when the fair traveler reached there, and was set down at the depot. There never was a 17-year-old maiden before who saw Springfield in such brilliant light as she saw it. To the country girl it was something like paradise, but it was not Boston.

The eastern-bound train came in, and Jennie dutifully obeyed her father's instructions to take the rear car the moment that the train stopped at the depot.

There were but two or three vacant seats, and she chose the one nearest the door. A multitude of forebodings and wonder-

"My name is Jones, sir." "A very poetic name! Mine is Lawrence—Alexander Lawrence. I have no cards with me; but I am a commercial traveler from D— & Co., New York."

Conversation continued. Mr. Lawrence showed himself more and more agreeable, and Jennie was completely won by the charming address of the stranger. Although she was a blushing and sensitive girl, she had some of her father's common sense, and she saw in the tone and style of her new acquaintance a man altogether different from any one she had ever before met. His refined ease and deference made an immediate impression on her. She was fascinated, and felt that she had found an atmosphere where her lightest words might safely float. There are men who may well be styled male frits, who trifles with an artless maiden till they read her soul, and then leave its book unclosed. The drummer was such a man. Before the train reached Worcester, Jennie felt that she had known him for a life-time. She told him of her own history, of Perryville, of her father's wealth, of her purpose in visiting Boston. With rapt attention Mr. Lawrence listened, perfectly satisfied to find that he had opened the girl's heart, and encouraging her confidence by attentive flattery.

"You must favor me with your address while you are in Boston," he said, "for I shall do myself the honor of calling on you."

Jennie promised that she would, and fondly imagined her pride at having such a gentlemanly admirer. In her heart she determined upon writing to George Harrison the next day, and asking to be released from her engagement.

Wouldn't it be nice to astonish Perryville by announcing her engagement to such a nice gentleman as Mr. Lawrence! In her mind she married the words, "Mrs. Alexander Lawrence." What would Ellen White say? Wouldn't all the good people of Perryville be astonished?

All too soon Worcester was reached. Jennie's foolish little heart beat rapidly when Mr. Lawrence took her hand and bade her good-by, with a tender expression of the hope that he might meet her again in Boston.

It was slightly unfortunate that the train was just starting, and the questioner's words were made indistinct to the young lady. She understood the word "engaged," but the rest of the query was inaudible to her.

So agreeable had been the companionship with Mr. Lawrence that Jennie had for a whole hour forgotten all about her fear of pickpockets. Now the thoughts came again. There was the dark-bearded gentleman still in the seat before her. There was—no, there was not! She put her hand to her bosom. Her pocket-book was gone. She made the discovery, and announced it with a little scream, and then a succession of shrieks.

The attention of all the passengers was excited, and the gallant conductor came running to the rescue, expecting to find the lad in an epileptic fit.

"Oh, oh! It is gone! He has got it!" she cried, in perfect agony.

"What is it, madam?" (The conductor did not ask the question very pleasantly.)

"He has stolen my pocket-book!" she cried.

"Who, madam?"

"He—that fellow—that pickpocket!" indicating the astonished gentleman, who had leaned over the seat, looking mildly at the young lady.

"Which gentleman?" asked the conductor, not at all pleased with the disturbance.

"That man!" Jennie cried. "Don't let him get off! He has got my money! I had it in my bosom, and he stole it!"

"You are from the West, perhaps?"

"I am from Perryville, sir."

"That is in this State?"

"Yes, sir."</

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY G. A. LOUNSEERRY.

TRIBUNE SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

WEEKLY, One Year, - - - - -	\$2.50
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Legal notices at regular state rates.

Original poetry \$1 per line.

For contract rates of newspaper advertising apply office of editor or advertising rate card.

BISMARCK, D. T., FRIDAY, NOV. 5, 1880.

On the whole it is conceded that Richards need not go.

It is presumed that the democrats have quite enough of the solid South foolishness.

Mr. Thompson declines to be a candidate for postmaster after the 4th of March next.

The North appears to be solid, too if we may except New Jersey and Burleigh county.

THREE of the four majority in New York, excepted in this and 15,000 in Iowa to meet a solid South with.

The voters of Burleigh county gave John Carlson a handsome support. His majority will reach fully 600.

In the count this fall the republicans have left no room for question. Garfield has 222 votes in the electoral college.

JOHN CARLSON ran far ahead of his ticket in this part of the district but he is defeated all the same by an immense majority.

The Deadwood Press came handsomely to the support of Mr. Warner, of the *Times*, and gave him credit for the noble work he has done for Lawrence county. To Porter Warner more than to all others the people of Deadwood are indebted for the dissolution of one of the most corrupting, on the face of the earth.

It appears that Messrs. Wallace and Wells, the republican candidates for the 2d district, have determined to contest the election in this district on account of the vote from the Butte which was passed in unchallenged at the Bismarck landing precinct. There were sixty employees of the U. S. engineer corps beside the crew.

Many of them voted at the landing and came to Bismarck and attempted to vote again. It does not matter for whom they voted. The citizens of this county ought to be permitted to manage their own affairs without calling in the aid of transient people.

At Mandan it was reported that Mr. Smith had stated that he would not pledge himself to support a measure for the restoration of Merton county in case of his election. The story grew out of a misunderstanding. Mr. Smith referring to two persons at Mandan asked Mr. Wallace if he pledged himself to them. Mandan fellows. Wallace presumed he referred to all at Mandan when it appears that Mr. Smith referred to only two.

The Tribune sincerely hopes that all bad feelings growing out of this matter will be ended at once. Men intending to live in the country cannot afford to hold bitterness growing out of an election campaign.

JUDGE BENNETT gets even with the car

pet and wins the following notice from the *Times* by the excellent service done by him in the campaign: "Judge Bennett has done yeoman service for the republicans in this campaign. Though justified in feeling that the treatment he received at Vermillion was unfair in the extreme, yet he came home to plunge at once into the work of the campaign. He has responded to every call made upon him, and delivered more stump speeches than any one else in this district on the republican side. In Lawrence, Pennington and Custer counties he has plead for republican principles and the republican nominees. To him the great doctrines of his party are too dear to let his own personal defeat dampen his enthusiasm. The people of this district will remember and reward the valuable services."

EVERY true citizen owes it to himself to urge the prosecution of every man who voted illegally at the recent election. At the landing over sixty-five men who arrived on the Butte voted and several of them came up town and voted again, some of them trying to do so in both wards. Men who reside in the states, who have been on the work, river improvement in Montana during the summer, who were never residents of this county or the territory even were voted; also the roosters on the Butte, most of whom have families at Leavenworth, Kansas. Men were also voted, only a few it is true, in both precincts of the city who were notoriously non-residents, and who boasted of having voted illegally after the polls were closed. The judge of this district is called upon to require an investigation. It does not matter who received illegal votes, that way of conducting an election in a free country ought to be brought to an end, and by the summary punishment of every person voting illegally. Heretofore it has been passed over in silence. Will it be now? A very nearly accurate list of voters was prepared

fortunately, before election. This can be compared with the poll list, and with the census returns and very nearly every fraudulent vote can be spotted. It should be done.

DEFRAUDING VOTERS.

At the close of this article will be found a circular printed and put where it was presumed it would do the most good on the eve of the election in the interest of the democratic candidates. A hand bill was also printed, in the same interest, announcing the withdrawal of the citizen tax-payers' ticket, and recommending its supporters to vote the straight democratic ticket. Other "dodges" of a nature equally disreputable were resorted to.

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Treasurer, Bell, 126; Cokendall, 57; Slattery, 54.

Bismarck, 2d Dist.—McCormack, 177; Pettigrew, 67; Smith, 166; Wallace, 76; Kellher, 110; Wells, 133; Garland, 215; Ball, 28; Richards, 186; Snodgrass, 89; McKenzie, 175; Ward, 27; Malloy, 42; Bell, 111; Cokendall, 68; Slattery, 33; Mandan—McCormack, 174; Pettigrew, 129; Smith, 152; Wallace, 152; Kellher, 110; Wells, 142; Garland, 204; Ball, 99; Richards, 157; Snodgrass, 143; McKenzie, 189; Ward, 91; Malloy, 22; Bell, 157; Cokendall, 128; Slattery, 16.

Landing Precinct—McCormack, 130; Pettigrew, 11; Smith, 139; Wallace, 12; Kellher, 112; Wells, 27; Garland, 131; Ball, 11; Richards, 125; Snodgrass, 16; McKenzie, 122; Ward, 20; Malloy, 2; Bell, 116; Cokendall, 16; Slattery, 8.

Painted Woods—McCormack, 31; Pettigrew, 10; Smith, 35; Wallace, 3; Kellher, 60; Wells, 11; Garland, 38; Ball, 3; Richards, 38; Snodgrass, 3; McKenzie, 49; Ward, 1; Bell, 38; Cokendall, 3; Seventeenth Precinct—McCormack, 23; Pettigrew, 30; Smith, 23; Wallace, 36; Kellher, 23; Wells, 36; Garland, 25; Ball, 32; Richards, 13; Snodgrass, 15; McKenzie, 16; Ward, 26; Malloy, 17; Bell, 16; Cokendall, 30; Slattery, 13.

Apple Creek—McCormack, 22; Pettigrew, 45; Smith, 22; Wallace, 40; Kellher, 20; Wells, 40; Garland, 21; Ball, 15; Richards, 22; Snodgrass, 12; McKenzie, 15; Malloy, 6; Ward, 8; Bell, 21; Slattery, 8; Cokendall, 49.

Elsewhere.

STUTSMAN COUNTY.

[Special Dispatch to The Tribune.]
JAMES ROWLEY Nov. 4.—Election was quiet. A full vote was cast, and there was an uncontested contest between Wells and Kellher. Pettigrew's majority in the county, 136; Well's majority, 30. The people's county ticket is elected. Bell's majority is about 135.

CASS COUNTY.

The dryer figure is the whole republican county ticket elected by a majority of from 339 to 609. Casselton gave Pettigrew a majority and Ball 92.

TRAIL COUNTY.

Pettigrew receives a majority of 42 and Ball a majority of 93, in two precincts.

UNION COUNTY.

ELK POINT, D. T., Nov. 3.—Pettigrew's majority in the county is about 250.

LAWRENCE COUNTY.

[Special Dispatch to The Tribune.]
BLADWOOD, D. T., Nov. 3.—Pettigrew has a majority of over 700 in the Hills. Belding, republican, is elected sheriff. Tracy, democrat, register of deeds; Baird, democrat, county treasurer; Hastic, republican, circuit attorney. The republicans also elect Morton member of the council, and Wilcox, Hardin, Warner and McBratney members of the house of representatives. The democrat elect Wilson to the council and Hale to the house, over Goffey and First Cross, the republican candidates.

BARNES COUNTY.

[Special Dispatch to The Tribune.]
VALLEY CITY, Nov. 3.—Pettigrew will have a majority of 180, Ball 250.

RICHLAND COUNTY.

A special to the Argus says that Pettigrew's majority in Richland county is 261; Ball's majority, 369.

GRAND FORKS.

Ball's majority estimated at 650.

CONTESTED ELECTIONS.

A Review of the Cases in This Immediate Vicinity.

Speaking of contested elections. It will interest The TRIBUNE readers to know something of past legislative contests in this district. The first settlement of Burleigh county was made in 1872. The county was then known as Buffalo county and was attached to Charles Mix county for election purposes. The district then had a member of the house and two members of the house of representatives. Foster T. Wheeler and Joseph Langlois were given the certificates of election on the vote cast in Charles Mix county. The canvassing board counted the Bismarck vote for congress but rejected it for members of the legislature and issued certificates of election to Foster T. Wheeler who had forty-five votes and Joseph Langlois who had but 35; E. A. Williams, of this city, who had 161 votes and W. P. Lyman who had 157 contested and were finally seated. For the council Charles McCarthy had 228 votes; W. T. McKay about 30 and Jerry Pink about 40. McCarthy did not claim his seat. McKay contested Pink's seat on account of illegal votes cast for him and claimed it.

In 1874 E. A. Williams was given the certificate of election. Dr. Slaughter contested, claiming a vote of 93 which was said to have been polled at Fort Buford. This claim was rejected and Williams held his seat. Ed. Hackett received a majority of the votes cast for the house and the certificate of election. McKay contested and by some means got his name added by the clerk instead of Hackett at the organization of the house, forcing a contest on the latter. The house finally admitted McKay by counting the Buford vote which the council had rejected. Hackett was fairly elected. McKay was arrested on an old indictment for murder and came repeatedly before the committee in charge of the sheriff, and was in jail during nearly all the session.

In 1876 Robert Wilson and Edmund Hackett were elected; and in 1878 Robert McKay and Ansey Gray.

In 1874 D. M. Kellher was elected in the Pembina district but was counted out on some pretense. In order to vindicate himself he became a candidate again in 1876 and received the certificate of election, but on account of a fraud at Jamestown for which the judges of election were sent to the penitentiary, he was again counted out and Hector Bruce admitted in his stead.

In this campaign Mr. Kellher is likely to be again counted in by the canvassing and again rejected by the legislature on account of illegal voting at the landing precinct where a steamboat load of roasters and liver improvement laborers and men recently arriving from the east to work on the dyke voted. Of those two parties there were 116 aside from the steamboat roasters.

The Finest Wines.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

McLean & Macnider.

Wholesale Grocers,
NO. 54 MAIN STREET.

Steamboat and Freighters' Supplies

Agents for all Kinds of Improved Farm Machinery.

sole Agents for the Schlitz

Milwaukee Export Beer.

DRUGS AND NOTIONS.

W. A. HOLLEMBAEK,
Wholesale Druggist

—DEALER IN—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS, TOILET ARTICLES

AND PERFUMERY,

STATIONERY, BLANK BOOKS, ETC.

Also White Lead, Paints

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BISMARCK, D. T.

FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

JOHN LUDEWIG,

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Clothing, Boots and Shoes,

FUR NISHING GOODS,

Groceries Provisions, Tobaccos, Cigars & Smokers' Goods.

GOODS SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.

Main Street,

Bismarck, D. T.

New Stock, New Store and Low Prices. Call and examine and see for yourself.

E. SCHIFFLER,

FINE

Merchant Tailor,

No. 86 Main St., Opposite Sheridan House, Bismarck, D. T.,

A Selection of Both Foreign and Domestic Cloths.

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WHOLESALE LIQUORS.

R. R. MARSH. J. D. WAKEMAN.

MERCHANTS HOTEL.

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MARSH & WAKEMAN, Prop's.

Building new and commodious, rooms large, comfortable and tastily furnished. First class in every particular. Bills reasonable. 2-270

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1873 1880
Forster's Restaurant

(Established May, 1873.)

The Oldest and Only First-Class Restaurant in Bismarck.

Meals at all hours.

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The finest line of

IMPORTED CLOTHS

From our Philadelphia house for the fall and winter trade. Leave your orders and get the best and cheapest at the Bismarck Tailoring establishment.

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Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Candy, Fruit,

Wood Turners, Small Sawmills, Office Furniture

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DUNN & CO.

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TRIBUNE AGENTS.

Mr. J. H. Bates, newspaper advertising agents at Park Row (Times building) New York, is authorized to contract for advertisements in THE TRIBUNE, at one thousand dollars per month.

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CLERK E. N. COREY, Bismarck.
DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL Alex McKenzie, Bismarck.

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Frank P. Brown, Deputy Collector Internal Revenue.
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COUNTY CLERK AND REGISTER OF DEEDS.—John H. Richards, Bismarck.
COUNTY TREASURER—W. B. Watson.
JUDGE OF PROBATE—Emer. N. Corey.
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—J. Bragg.
TAX COMMISSIONERS—Frank Donnelly, Joseph Hard, E. N. Corey.
COUNTY SURVEYOR—C. W. Thompson.
CENSOR—John Quinal.
COUNTY CLERK—P. Malloy.
TREASURER OF THE PEAK—E. B. Ware, Bismarck. Matt. Edgerly, Mandan.

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CITY CLERK—D. W. Wakenman.
CITY CLERK—John Malloy.
CITY ATTACHE—John C. Carland.
CITY CLERK—John W. Wakenman.
CHIEF OF POLICE—John W. Wakenman.
ALDRETTEN—W. A. Meece, J. G. Malloy, M. J. Balaor, Gus Thorwald, Louie Westhauser, P. Comford.

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CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. W. G. Stevens, Pastor.
CATHOLIC CHURCH—Rev. John Quynhston Foffa, O. S. B., Rector.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

BOISE—Leave for Denver, 12 m. daily, except Sunday, at 7:15 a. m.
PORTLAND—Leave for Fort Stevens, Bismarck and Bismarck every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m.
Arrive Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, 3:30 a. m.
Leave for Denver, Yates and daily except Sunday, daily, except post daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m., arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m.
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PORT BENTON—Leave by steamboat, Benton line, every Wednesday.
Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m.
Office open from 1 a. m. to 9 p. m., Sundays from 1 to 1 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

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JOHN E. CARLAND—Attorney, (City Attorney) 64 Main-st.

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A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to

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Sheridan House, R. H. BLY, Proprietor.

The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.

CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS.

BISMARCK, D. T.

MERCHANTS HOTEL, Cor. Main and 3d St.

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Building low and commodious, rooms large, comfortable, and tastily furnished. First-class in every particular. Bill's reasonable. 2271

CUSTER HOTEL,

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Fifth Street near Main.

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This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates. 57

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WERTER HOUSE, Malloy Bros., Prop's.

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The house is centrally located, and recently enlarged, refitted and refurbished. Opposite the railroad depot. Prices reasonable.

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Carriage Painting, West Main Street.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO

Fine Carriage Painting.

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SHORT LINE.

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Minneapolis and St. Louis, Burlington,

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Making the shortest line and the best time between St. Louis and all points in the North, Southwest and Southeast, and Minneapolis and St. Paul, the summer resorts and lake country, the most prominent of which are the White Bear Lake, Lake of the Woods, and the Mississippi and the Great Lakes.

Also direct line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all points East.

Tickets on sale at all the important coupon ticket stations throughout the South, East and West, via Peoria.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS

of latest make and improvements on through passenger train. BAGGAGE, TICKETS THROUGH. Tickets and sleeping car berths can be secured.

Minneapolis—At City Ticket Office, No. 8 Washington Street, W. G. Teifer, agent; and at St. Paul and Cedar Rapids depots.

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A. H. BODE, Gen. Pass. Agt.

ERIE & MILWAUKEE LINE,

Via New York, Lake Erie and Western, Great Western, Detroit and Milwaukee, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroads.

Shortest and Most Direct Route

to all points in the state of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northern Illinois and Iowa, Montana and Idaho, and the Middle West. Built Poole's "Mark property" (A. M. Ide), and direct to New York, Lake Erie & Western Railway foot of Duane St. at 22d St., North Western, or Pier 8, East River.

Through Lines, leading to all foreign points.

A. J. COOPER, General Agent, Milwaukee.

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CHICAGO,

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RAILWAY

MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS

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WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWA-

TONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN,

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Milwaukee, Chicago,

And all Intermediate Points in

Minnesota, Wisconsin & Northern Iowa

New York,

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New England, the Canadas, and all

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

2 ROUTES.

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3 DAILY TRAINS

Between

Chicago and St. Paul

and Minneapolis.

The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only Northwestern line connecting in same depot in Chicago with any of the Great Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the most convenient, located with reference to reaching any Depot, Hotel or place of business in that City.

Through Tickets and Through Baggage

Check to all Principal Cities.

Steel Rail Trucks, thoroughly ballasted, free from dust. Wagging Improved Automatic Air Brake. Miller's Safety Platform and Couplings on all Passenger Cars.

The First Day Coaches and Palace Sleeping Cars.

This Road connects more Business Centres,

Health and Pleasure Resorts, and passes through finer country, with grander scenery, than any other Northwestern Line.

A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent

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82 Jackson St., St. Paul.

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GEO. C. GIBBS & CO., PIONEER

BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP

Corner Third and Thayer Streets,

BISMARCK, D. T.

None but the best of workmen employed,

and we challenge competition.

N. DUNKLEBERG, General Dealer in

Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors,

Mouldings Window Glass.

BUILDING MATERIAL

of all kinds.

BISMARCK, D. T.

John P. Hoagland,

Carpenter and Builder,

Fifth St. Near Custer Hotel.

BISMARCK, D. T.

Contracting and Building of every nature.

Special attention given to Fine Job Work.

HOSTETTER'S, CELEBRATED

THE GREAT ISSUE

The True "Inwardness" of the "Solid South."

An Open Letter from the Hon. Jay A. Hubbell.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—Having been nominated by the Republicans of the Ninth Michigan district to represent you in Congress for the fifth consecutive time, I should esteem it an especial breach of duty, under ordinary circumstances, to be absent from that district during this canvass. But, occupying as I do the Chairmanship of the Republican Congressional Committee, my judgment tells me—and in this I think all good Republicans will agree—that I should not be absent from this central post of duty. This, therefore, must be my excuse for thus addressing you.

In the olden time, when two armies in hostile array confronted each other, it was sometimes the practice for the leader of each—or for some specially selected man from each—to step to the front and decide the battle issue by single combat. Thus it was that David, afterward King of Israel, by slaying Goliath with a pebble, defeated the army of the Philistines.

As nations grew more enlightened, the trial by single combat ceased, and victory fell to that side which had the most skill, courage, muscle and weight of numbers.

Later on, other elements of warfare developed themselves, and it was found sometimes that the nation with the longest purse was often victorious. But the latest lesson taught us by war is that, all else being equal, the army which is best armed must triumph. Thus it was that Germany successively dictated her own terms at Vienna and at Paris.

Now, I take it the great contest between the opposing armies of Republicanism and Democracy is over, and we have just entered in not to be fought out on the old plan of single combat, but on the new.

The leaders, Gen. Garfield on the one side and Gen. Hancock on the other—both aegrons, both athletic, both skilled, both in the very prime of stalwart life—are not to stand out in front of the line of battle and grapple each with the other until one falls wounded unto death! The day for such spectacles has passed. Nor are they to come out to the front and fight, taunting, the enemy, while the enemy pelt each leader with volleys of mud and filth.

But the day for such a spectacle, I trust, has not yet come!

Not thus are the issues presented by two great political parties before an enlightened American public to be decided.

That party will be victorious which is the best armed and equipped with the truest and safest and wisest principles, and whose record will show that it has acted upon those principles so as to secure "the greatest good to the greatest number." That one will be trusted which has shown itself most worthy of trust.

Hence it is that I shall have not one word to say against Gen. Hancock personally, as I am sure he is a man of high character; but I would have not one word to say against Gen. Garfield personally. Both of these distinguished leaders, if consulted, would deprecate a campaign of personal recrimination and vindictiveness.

This is a contest of principles, not men; principles as exhibited by the traditions, the history, the controlling spirit of each party.

The prize is vast. No less than the Government of this great nation, with all its attendant responsibility for the safety, honor, happiness, freedom and prosperity of all its people!

"And I ask every Democrat at an open meeting of reason, as well as every voter who hesitates to weigh carefully and well the facts confronting him, before he casts his vote upon which so much that is sacred to us and dear to the oppressed of all lands now depends."

Consider well, my friends, these vital questions, and after I have reviewed, answer with your enlightened votes the question that another old-time Democrat (Gen. Grant) has put—whether the Democratic party, "as now constituted and controlled, is fit party to trust with the control of the General Government?"

How is the Democratic party now "constituted and controlled?" Let me see.

At the last Presidential election, 4,284,225 Democratic votes were cast in all the States of the Presidential election. Of the Democratic popular votes, as it is estimated, 2,670,065 votes were cast by Democrats of Northern States, and 1,614,200 votes were cast by Democrats of Southern States. States that were known as "Slave States" before the Rebellion, to wit, Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia and West Virginia, States which are now claimed to be headed together as a "solid South." In other words, the "solid South" contains a trifle more than half as many Democratic voters as there are Democratic voters in all the other States, or one-third of the entire Democratic vote of all the States, North and South.

Now, where the responsibility for party measures should properly rest upon the whole Democratic party, North as well as South, one would naturally suppose that in its counsels the Northern Democracy, having double the popular weight of the Southern Democracy, should rule wherever Democracy is in power. Northern Democracy has as much ability surely as has the Democracy of the South, besides having two-thirds of the Democratic popular voting power at its back, yet this immensely preponderating Northern vote is by some means not allowed by the "solid South" to assert a power of its own which is obliged to yield to the rule of Southern dictation. That is not a healthy state of things to begin with; and this is the very kernel of the nut which the people at this election are called upon to crack.

This usurpation of power by a small minority of a great party over the policy and actions of that whole party, is what every Northern Democrat should resent. The principle of this exercise of power over the entire country by the representatives of only 1,614,200 Southern Democrats, out of 4,284,225 votes is what every Northern man should, by all legal means, resist.

The American people surely will not permit this great and peasant nation to be governed by a mere fraction of a party backed up by less than one-fifth of the entire popular vote!

That the "solid Southern" wing will hardly be denied by any person respecting the truth. Of course, in the making of national platforms, it stands nobly back and permits the Northern Democracy to formulate grand professions and meaningless platitudes; but when it comes to work to action, this solidified, domineering Southern fraction asserts its tyrannical power, and Northern Democracy tamely yields!

If the republic ready to slip its neck into the Southern noose? Not yet, I take it, not yet!

How is it that this 1,500,000 solid Southern Democratic votes controls the whole Democratic party; and in the event of the election of Hancock and a Democratic House, would control the 50,000,000 of people composing this republic?

It is because, by killing, by torture, by whipping, by other violence, and where these have failed, by snuffing bullet-boxes with tissue bullets, and by the commission of other frauds and outrages—the Republican majorities, and in some cases the entire Republican vote of the South, have been wiped out, and the Southern States stand in the Electoral College and in Congress "solidly" Democratic.

Thus it is that, claiming for the "solid South" 138 of the 155 electoral votes necessary to elect a President, and holding a large majority of the Democrats in each of the two houses of Congress, and a consequently large majority in the Democratic caucus upon every measure—and every measure of importance to the South is always made a caucus measure—the "solid South" is the controlling power in the Democratic party; controlling its work of legislation both by caucus rule and committee rule; controlling the executive business of the Senate by committee rule if not caucus rule; controlling the organization of both bodies in the same way, and controlling even President

and nominations by the mere force of the solid 138 electoral votes, which lack but 47 votes of a majority.

This is the secret of the wonderfully-disproportionate power which this fraction of a party exerts over the whole party, and which it threatens to extend over this nation of 50,000,000 people; and it is through blood and terror and fraud that that power has been secured; and it is this party, so "constituted and controlled," that asks the American people to trust "just this once" with the reins of government.

Put your heads in the Southern noose if we will. O people! but blame not us for failure to warn you.

What has this dominating "solid South" done in the States where it waded through blood and fraud to supremacy? What has it done in Congress? What has it proposed to do? What will it do if continued in legislative power, with Hancock in the executive chair? Let us see.

In these "solid Southern" States it has produced righteous State debts, and it has enacted laws which put humanity to shame; laws which make the condition of the poor white and black labor worse than that of slaves.

The crime of stealing a hog is, in Georgia, a felony, punished by four years in the penitentiary.

In Mississippi the punishment for stealing a mackerel, pig, lamb or kid of the value of \$1 is five years in the penitentiary.

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One dollar's worth of what colored men are driven to steal is grand larceny, while in the class of goods that white people are more likely to steal it is petit larceny up to \$10 worth. In Alabama imprisonment at hard labor for five years follows the stealing of a few roasting ears of corn!

In Mississippi there is a "contract" system by which prisoners "under sentence of any court," whether in the penitentiary or county jail, are contracted out to "any responsible person" for their mere maintenance!

Even a person simply committed to jail for an offense that is not a felony can be compelled to go out and work for any of these contractors because if he refuses, "such person shall be entitled to be returned to the person in jail as fast for each day, only six ounces of bacon or ten ounces of beef, and one pound of bread and water."

Beside this he is compelled to pay out the costs of prosecution, etc., which the rates paid by the contractor might consume his entire life!

The contract system prevails also in Alabama and in Georgia to a still greater extent, and, in fact, this vile and degrading system extends to nearly all the Southern States.

A trial in the enlisting the man who had professed himself a few months before these associations principles, they necessarily endorsed the principles themselves.

These men are the men who control the "solid South" to-day, together with Wade Hampton, who, speaking of the issues of his campaign, and referring to Lee and Jackson, said, as reported by the *Staunton Vindicator*, a Democratic organ, mind you: "I ask you to remember those who have died on your side, and to remember that the principles they died for are again on trial to-day."

And it was these men—present representative Southern leaders, sitting in the Senate of the republic—who, hour after hour, speaking in that high form, under the solemn sanctity of their oaths, thus enlaged the traitor and his treason!

At last uprose the stalwart form of brave Zach Chandler, his eyes blazing with patriotic fire, his visage pale and stern with the gathered wrath of a thousand voices.

With impulsive vehemence he told the story of Jeff Davis' crimes, and declared to these Southern Senators that "they little know the spirit of the North when they come here at this day, and with bravado on their lips utter eloquence upon a man whom every man, woman and child in the North believes to have been a double traitor to his Government!"

That speech electrified the North. But Zachariah Chandler is dead, and the North has forgotten it.

Meanwhile the restless Southerners work incessantly and relentlessly toward that Wade Hampton term of "one great object."

They tried to force a Republican President and Senate to yield to the demand of the safe-guarding of the Union, around the Federal elections, the twelfth around the Federal elections, the object being to open the door wide in the States of New York, Indiana, and elsewhere in the North, to election frauds.

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At last uprose the stalwart form of brave Zach Chandler, his eyes blazing with patriotic fire, his visage pale and stern with the gathered wrath of a thousand voices.

With impulsive vehemence he told the story of Jeff Davis' crimes, and declared to these Southern Senators that "they little know the spirit of the North when they come here at this day, and with bravado on their lips utter eloquence upon a man whom every man, woman and child in the North believes to have been a double traitor to his Government!"

That speech electrified the North. But Zachariah Chandler is dead, and the North has forgotten it.

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LOCAL LEAVES.

Term From the Tribune Reporter's Note-Book.
Dunn & Co., druggists, 92 Main street. E. H. Bly is winner of about \$1300 on the election.

Saturday night Von Suppe's masterpiece "Faustina."

Reserved seats for the Opera at Hollenbach's drug store.

Tuesday night "Chimes of Normandy" at Raymond's Hall.

Hancock's corsets were too large. He couldn't squeeze through.

Jos Fox has placed a very attractive beacon in front of his saloon.

There were no fights on election day and very little liquor was drunk.

If you want a high time, attend the calico hop at the Custer to-night.

Attention is called to the personals of two adventurous women, in another column.

H. G. Cuykendall rejoices at the addition in the person of a little girl to his family.

The happiest man in the city after hearing the result in New York was Capt. Raymond.

Saturday matinee at 2 p.m., "Pinafore," for the accommodation of ladies and children.

Wednesday night "The Great Parisian" (La Girofla) by Nathal English Opera Company.

Thursday evening "Cox & Box" and "Trial by Jury." Tickets for sale at Hollenbach's drug store.

Don't fail to see the "Grand Duchess" at Raymond's Hall, by the Nathal English Opera Company.

Sure your seats early for the Nathal English Opera Company. The largest and most complete company on the road.

The two big Sioux Indians killed over 1200 Sioux Indians on their recent raid south of the North Pacific railroad recently.

Nathal English Opera Company, two days earlier, appear at Raymond's Hall on Monday night in Cuykendall's "La Grand Duchess."

Mr. Raymond, a well-known gentleman owner of New York, is in the city to-day, for the purpose of getting a view of planting a colony on the Missouri slope.

John Bader's room, in the brick block Wadsworth, is a regular midnight library, and the owner says he had nothing to do with the only two baskets.

First Post-Office reports the cars now run up to the last frontier. He returned from Fort Verde last week after a very successful winter's work contract.

In the front is the index of the soul, Mr. S. H. Lippincott is certainly the happiest man in the city. The cause is the appearance of a fat peasant boy on Monday last.

Mr. D. O. Patterson is a grancer now, having moved on to his Soother Homestead near the Major Pitts farm, on Apple Creek. Mr. Goss, the new lawyer from Michigan, also moved on to his homestead a few weeks ago.

While there is snow in Minnesota that will last until next spring, Northern Dakota is enjoying an almost perpetual autumn, without snow or rain and but very little cold weather. Come west old man, come west.

Sam Whitney, the Bismarck Opera House manager, announces for next week in addition to his present mammoth entertainment the re-appearance of the Donaldsons. Miss Amy Santley has been on the boards again this week, receiving a hearty reception.

The services at the Episcopal church are now conducted by Rev. J. G. Miller. Mr. Miller is a pleasant and earnest speaker and conducts the services for the benefit of the late rector, Mr. Yeater, and there is no good reason why Mr. Miller should not be supported handsomely.

The Burleigh county court house was finished and turned over to the county, Monday. Chas. Waud, agent of P. J. Farny & Bro., contractors, St. Louis, came up Saturday, completed the settlement, and left on Monday's train. The house is a model structure, and the contractor did not make a cent out of the job. However, it will serve as an advertisement, as many court houses will soon be built in Dakota.

The Tribune is pleased to call attention to the advertisement of Taylor & Williams in this issue of the paper. These gentlemen are thoroughly conversant with the wants of Dakotans, and know how often they feel the need of competent and trustworthy agents in a great business center like Chicago. They are both old Dakotans, but Mr. Williams has been engaged in Chicago for three years past, and has an extensive business acquaintance in all lines, and has saved many dollars to his patrons by personal attention to having their orders filled. Mr. Taylor, late of the Herald, at Yankton, is widely known all through the territory as an honorable, upright business man, and we therefore have no hesitancy in recommending this firm to those who want anything in any line at wholesale prices. They will promptly answer all letters of inquiry and give prices on any article desired.

RIVER RIFLES.
Drift Wood Picked up Along the Shore.

The Terry left Friday night for Buford. The Gen. Meade passed down the river this week for the winter.

The Bischeler left Buford last night for the Musselshell.

The Helena left Monday for Sioux City where she will winter.

The Eclipse arrived Wednesday from Coal Banks. She is now loading and leaves for Buford to-morrow.

The Benton arrived at Sioux City Monday last. She made a few repairs on her wheel and proceeded on down to St. Louis.

The Sherman is loading and will leave to-morrow night for Buford with government freight and sixty recruits who will arrive on the evening's train.

The Butte arrived from Cow Island Tuesday, having on board the Maguire corps, Col. Stevens in charge. She left for Sioux City yesterday.

The Black Hills Railroad.
Chief Engineer Clements and vice-President W. W. Laman, went over the river Wednesday to locate a starting point for the preliminary survey of the road from Bismarck to the Black Hills. The point chosen is about seven miles beyond Mandan. From thence the line runs due south across what is known as the Custer flats, an excellent piece of farming land,

The headquarters of the road, as stated heretofore, will be at Bismarck, from which point the North Pacific track will be used to the place of departure. Hillards beyond Mandan. Mr. Clements, the chief engineer, is a young man of ability, and Dr. Laman is to be congratulated upon the selection of so capable a man for the responsible position. The survey of the line will be pushed, as soon as Mr. Clements returns from St. Paul, where he goes to procure his outfit.

Overcoats, Overcoats.
Schiff, the Merchant Tailor, is prepared to furnish every one with Overcoats at popular prices.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic cures the most obstinate cases of liver complaint.

The Only Place
in town to find the hobby Cigarette Hat is at DAN EISENBERG's.

Blank Books
and Stationery at DENN & CO'S.

Best Select Oysters
Received daily by W. H. THURSTON & CO.

Ask Anybody
Who is a judge of a good meal, where to go and they will tell you to go to FORSTERS.

Contracts Made
For coal at St. Paul prices with freight added. J. W. RAYMOND & CO.

All the Rage
Those dear little Turban Hats at DAN EISENBERG'S.

Sigara Saloon
Merchants Hotel, sets the best luncheon in the city, every night in the week. MARCH & WAKEMAN.

Misses' and Children's Hoses
At bottom prices at MARCH & WAKEMAN'S.

Send your orders for Oysters to W. H. THURSTON & CO.

First-class Restaurants
Furnished at Peacock's Restaurant on short notice.

First-class Oysters
Find this delicious Two Hundred tons daily. J. W. RAYMOND & CO.

Gold Edge Stationery
at Legion's drug store.

Screen Room
Go to Peacock & Arnold's for screen doors.

Shoe Shop
Make your arrangements for winter coal for your home. J. W. RAYMOND & CO.

An Excellent Lunch
At the Merchants' car every evening.

Window Glass of all sizes
BURN & CO.

Stoves, Oysters
The celebrated Gold Edge brand received early at Oysters are BURN & CO'S.

Attention.
I will make it to your interest to call and examine and buy my Boys' Clothing, as I am about to go out of this line again. Call early for the biggest bargains ever to be had.

Sig. Hanauer,
St. Paul Branch Clothing House.

Nothing Short of Unmistakable Benefits.

Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SANASAPILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofula, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Bells, Humors, Pimplies, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders arising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in extensive use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick, anywhere. For sale by all dealers.

The Spring Tooth Harrow is the best. Sold by W. H. THURSTON & CO.

Select Oysters received daily by express. THURSTON & CO.

Lamps and Fixtures
A fine selection at DENN & CO'S.

March & Wakeman
Have fitted in the Niagara Sample Room in elegant style. Call in every night and sample their fine lunch.

You Should Stop at the Merchants
When visiting Bismarck. Their accommodations can not be surpassed.

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WANTS, FOR SALE, RENT, ETC.

For Sale.
FOR SALE—E. H. Bly in addition to his contract with the N. P. for 10,000 tons of coal is prepared to furnish the trade both local and foreign.

FOR SALE—Hay and oats. Hay in stack or delivered in town. Inquire of Henry Sutte, one mile south of town on the Apple Creek road.

FOR RENT OR SALE—The store room in the Turner's block. Enquire of S. Schlock, Stillwater, Minn. 1811.

HOSTELERS add Bismarck people generally. He who has been short of milk should order of Oscar Ward, who will keep up with the demands of trade no matter how fast Bismarck may increase its population.

Wanted.

WANTED—A young man wishes employment, and will work here he can make himself useful. Is a fair character and willing to work at anything that is not dishonorable. Address box 188, Bismarck. 24-25.

WANTED—A good servant girl. Enquire of Port Lincoln, D. T. W. HARMON 231.

WANTED—A good wood chopper to commence work at once. To good men employed contractor until February 1. Will pay from One Dollar and One Hundred and Fifty Cents per cord, according to location. H. S. PARKIN, Agent for Contractor.

WANTED—500 acres Suitable for a farm to let in lots to suit contractors. Sheltered from north wind. Price \$2.25 per acre; application to be made at once to Cuyler Adams, manager Springwood Farm.

WANTED—A heavy Silver Hunting Case Watch. A liberal reward will be paid for its return to E. L. Strauss.

LOST—A heavy Silver Hunting Case Watch. A liberal reward will be paid for its return to E. L. Strauss.

Personal.

PERSONAL—A widow, age 45, no inheritance, wishes to correspond with a western gentleman of suitable age. Object matrimony. Address, Mrs. John Birney, box 229, Eaton Rapids, Eaton Co., Mich.

PERSONAL—A lady of good standing, 21 years of age, wishes to form correspondence with some gentleman of from 30 to 40 years. Object matrimony. Address, Mrs. P. W. Green, box 123, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

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